

The Thing about Tomorrow

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Summary: Told in first person. A little piece that just came to me.

Told as in Raven's pov. I don't own Teen Titans

The Thing about Tomorrow

My hands were shaking. That seemed to be the only thing I could focus on was the fact that my hands were involuntary and without my doing, trembling. I clenched my fist determined to make them stop, and rested them on the fabric of my black stretch pants. I felt him looking at me once more and couldn't help but shift my gaze else where. I pressed my back into the folds of the couch and began to look around. The normal one had called it the "common room," the name itself fit but the fact that I was suppose to remember it didn't. Certain things felt familiar like I had seen it somewhere before but just like their faces I couldn't place where. I let my hand drift down the side of my legs and stopped as I reached the faded black fabric of the sofa underneath me. I picked at it for a moment, thinking that it didn't even feel familiar. My eyes drifted my thoughts spinning. According to the only other girl, I had picked "my spot." She was bursting with happiest and because of it I didn't have the heart to tell her that I just had pick the right hand side closest to the counter, because it was a quick exit.

"We really think this will help you Raven." The man with only one eye spoke up. I looked at him as he fiddled with the large T.V. I did my best to give him some sort of a smile but I honestly had little hope of ever remembering again.

Four days earlier...

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The sounds of machines beeping caught her ear as she slowly opened her eyes. The first thing that came into view was the white popcorn looking ceiling. She must have stared at it for hours before she let her eyes move along. The fact that she couldn't seem to place was where she was, but most importantly who she was. She let out a deep sigh and noticed that just to her left was a full head laying on

her bed. More curious, was the fact that the head was covered in lush green grass hair. She stared at it confused as to who this person was. Before she could ponder anymore, the door opened and caught her attention._

"Oh my Xhal!" Star exclaimed making the Changeling bolt up.

"I'm awake!" He announced.

"Raven!" Star shouted moving over to the bed. "Oh dear friend I though we had lost you forever." She grabbed the girl's hand and began patting it. Gar looked up and noticed that indeed she was awake.

"Raven." He smiled running his thumb across her cheek. She didn't say anything as her eyes flitted from the one to the other. So there was a different feature entirely that threw her for a loop. Green, EVERYTHING was green, down to the two freckles on his cheek. She blinked still wondering where she was.

"Raven are you okay? How are you feeling? I must call the nurse, AND Robin." She made a quick exit leaving her alone with the green one. She licked her lips and shifted slightly away from him.

"I was so worried. You hit your head really hard." Once again his hand reached up and stroked her head. He seemed to notice that she wasn't talking or giving him any sort of emotion through her eyes. "Rae?"

"You keep calling me Raven, is that my name?" She whispered her voice sounding strangely odd to her. Beast Boy stared down at her his mouth twisted in a confused horrified look.

"Yes, your name is Raven, don't you remember?" His voice lowering. He had removed his hand from her. She looked around the room her mind coming up with hospital, that's where she was according to these people. She looked back at him and noticed he was now standing and looking strangely pale.

"Who are you?" She asked and watched as his eyes grew wide. The door opened and Star walked back in with Robin, Cyborg and a nurse.

"Good to see you up Raven." Robin greeted "How are you feeling?"

Cyborg moved passed them eager to check on his sister. His hand reached out to touch her arm but she stared at him with shock in her eyes. All these people look so bizarre. Cyborg frowned looking at her and then at Beast Boy. "Hey are you alright man. You look like you've seen a ghost." After a long moment of silence, Beast Boy spoke in quiet voice.

"She doesn't remember us."

It had been exactly four days since waking up in the hospital and I still had no recollection of my past. I watched as the screen lit up a blue screen displayed. "We are going to start from the very beginning, and we are going to go slow. So if you feel rushed or overwhelmed we will help and stop." He explained. I shifted my gaze

around. The girl her name was not one I had remembered very well because it wasn't exactly normal. _'Start's with a K.'_ I thought. She was seated with her body slanted pressing her head into the man's shoulder. Dick, or Robin like the bird, rested his hand on her knee his fingers gently brushed up and down it. I looked at them for more than a long time before Robin caught my look. I flushed my brain telling me that they must be close, otherwise they wouldn't sitting like that.

Victor sat just in the dead center. His body weight sunk the couch, making the furniture groan in protest. His eye looked passed me and that's when I felt him once more. I turned my head and he was standing just inches from me. He pointed to the spot between me and the half man. I looked down at the spot and wondered if this was what was common. Everyone had their places. My eyes peeked up at him catching his look. His face looked tired and solemn, just like he had been in the hospital. I felt guilt ping across my heart. Girl with odd name smiled at me and nodded her head as if to say yes, this is "normal." I looked up at him once more and gave him a brief quick nod.

As he sat down I noticed his arm hovered in the air longer than necessary, I squinted my eyes, as it came clear he was resisting to lay his arm a different way. Now it rested at his side, I had a sudden feeling like it was suppose to go over my head and rest softly on the back of the couch. The fact that he didn't do this told me he was uncomfortable, but for some reason he wasn't the sharing type. The T.V. began to play and thoughts were focused on the images in front of me.

First was the sight of a fanged frown. As the camera panned out I recognized as the one sitting next to me. He looked much younger and shorter. "Is this thing on?" Came his high voice. His actual voice didn't seem to fit him and I had pictured him sounding much different. Like when I first woke up his voice was deep and full of worry. His finger reached out and tapped the lens before he moved back. I watched as the somber one instantly seemed to come to life. His mouth turned up and his eyes were big and bright. The short teenager waved at the camera before speaking up once again.

"Alright, Ladies and Gentleman, this is my first video camera, and this is my first show interviewing a Teen Titan." Cyborg chuckled at this but as I looked at the older green man sitting next to me he didn't seemed amused at all. The frame changed and I could see Cyborg sitting against the white bar. The same one that was behind us now. Once again he seems smaller in a way, but its apparent he also has aged since this video.

"Dude! I told you I want it for documented stuff." The robot didn't seem to buy it at all. He raised an eyebrow and shook his head.

"Don't think Robin will care for you're little documentary." He warned.

"Actually he loves it. Thinks it a great idea." It was Robin's turn to laugh now. I was just trying to burn their faces into my memory, willing with my long term memory to bring anything back. The camera cuts out for a second before the sound of the green ones voice

carried over. "Take two, This is my first show live interviewing a real Teen Titan." This time you could see the changed on Cyborg's face. "Start out with your name." Beast Boy whispered. Cyborg's brown eye looked passed the camera giving an irritated look at him.

"My name is Cybor-"

"Dude! You're real name!" He cut in. The tin man sighed his shoulders slumping.

"Man, this is just silly."

"Then humor me." The camera man challenged.

"Victor." He answered.

"Victor what?"

His forehead scrunched as he looked down. "No one is going to see this?"

"Besides the team, nah not right now." This answer seemed to placate him and he concede to the Changeling's demands.

"I'm Victor Stone, born human, in New York City..." the man continued telling his life story of his brilliant scientist parents that worked for S.T.A.R. Labs. He briefly talked about his childhood and having a well rounded happy life. Much like his parents he had book smarts and streets smarts making friends with everyone he came across. He mentioned that by the time he was fifteen he began working side by side with his parents helping and learning about their research project.

"And how did you get your awesome Cybernetic powers?" This made him cringe as you could see on the film he was uncomfortable about it. I watched curiously wondering how much time had elapsed between the time he was talking about to him being filmed. Finally Victor shook his head and drew in a breath.

"It was an accident, a terrible accident that left me without a mother, and without ninety percent of my body." He answered. It was clear that bring up the past was difficult for him, but if the green one had noticed he carried on anyway. I let my eyes look at the same green one older probably wiser and couldn't decide who looked most uncomfortable, young Victor, or present time Changeling.

The interview continued and while it started off rocky it quickly turned around, when the questions became more lighthearted. I learned that Vic, was the average 17 year old. He loved cars, models, and food. It was like watching dating game show where each contestant is asked to give a small background story, and then list their likes, dislikes, and their talents. keeping my gaze forward I was learning or _relearning _like they claimed, about my "family". They were all minor details in my opinion. As the tape cut out everyone looked up at me as if waiting for me to say oh, right Cyborg, I remember everything now.

Of course that didn't happen. Instead blinking and I held out my hand to him. "Nice to meet you Victor Stone." Victor raised an eyebrow to Changeling telling him something just from the motion. I realized it

was something that only they shared. He grabbed my hand and Miss "K" let out defeating cry.

"I'm starting to think this is pointless. Raven doesn't seem to recall any of the memories. What if she is broken forever?" She asked looking straight at the man encased around her. He opened his mouth but before he could utter word the entire room went silent as the one next to me spoke up.

"She not broken, Star." He stated plainly his voice low. "She will remember. If the tapes don't work, we'll figure something else out." He moved off the sofa and began tinkering with the camera once more. I looked around at all their stunned faces and noticed that his announcement had left an impression. While the words _she will remember_ seemed to linger in the air.

End
file.